



AN ELEGY

upon the Death of the most Excellent Poet

M^R IOHN CLEAVELAND.

Glow-Wormes may peep, when fable night
Hoodwinks the *Sun's* triumphant light,
Why may not I (although I 'nere,
But as a starre shone in *Witt's* Spheare)
Borrow some lustre from our *aying Sun*,
And from his fall have resurrection?

Immortall CLEAVELAND! my pen's at a stand,
And wonder strikes a palsey 'nto my hand.
Immortall CLEAVELAND's dead! oh let my eyes
Weep faster, then my pen can Elegies!
~~Dear Soul, since thou art dead, with Ebon night~~
My tootoo spongiouse Verse will strive to light
Thee to the grave; though with a twinc kling ray,
Snatch'd from the former lustre of thy Day.
Doth thy verse, with thy glasse then cease to run?
Doe the fates cut the line the *Muses* spun?
Have the three Sisters then more power then Nine?
Hath covetuous *Aacus* rob'd thee of that Mine,
That sparkled in each Diamond word, each Line
Richer in Golden sense, then th' King of Spain,
Alluring more then *Danae's* golden rain?
When in our blockish age *Witt* was at fall,
And to write verse was thought *Apocriphall*:
Thou didst it raise to th' *Elab* of perfection,
Thy lines were *Searcloths* against the infection
Of *Sore-back'd Time*, and thy ingenious *Muse*
Maugre all malice, lofty strains did use.
Noe Doubt, the future ages will admire,
How well in frosty ignorance, thy fire
(Hotter then any, *Zealots*) in a time
When 'twas called sin to read or writ a time:
Could' flame so bright, and how thou could'st fit
Th' unbiass'd time with thy well biass'd witt.
Tho all our *Mango Poets* thee upbraid,
(Whose *Drabs* are *Muses*, Poetry their Trade,)
Tho *Sacrilegious Elves* pollute thy fame
With their unhallowed lips, yet shall thy name

Out live their *Spurious bratts*, thy golden strain
(The *Geniall Son* of thy great-teeming brain.)
Shall be held sacred by posterity
As the *Idea* of true Poetry.
And like *Mahumetans* we hence will write
From thy *Hegira*, from thy speedy flight
From us to heaven, where thy *Muse* doth sing
Sweet-breathing *Cantoos* to th' Immortall King.
Unto *Apollo's Shrine* we will noe more
Goe *Pilgrims*, but thy reliques wee'l adore:
And to thy *Sacred Poems*, we will loe!

As zealous *Turks* unto *Medina* goe,
Where they, like th' *Pythian Oracle*, dispense
To *Poets* laws, fraught with more Eloquence,
VVhen thy terse *Muse* in *Cataracts* did fall,
It made not Deafe, but it did Silence all
Those *Sec'taries*, that dwell'd too near the wave
Of *Nile-like swelling Shism*, yea and did lave
The putrefacted *Humours* of our times,
The *Pestilence* of our age, its damned crimes,
(Whether *Jack Presbyter* thou didst describe
Or *Adoniram*, or that *black-mout'd tribe*,
Must I here stay? noe, noe, my tears supply
Mine *Ink*, although my *Standish* sayes 'tis dry.
Dear soule farewell, our pur-blind eys noe more
Can view thy *Westerne Sun*, yet we adore,
Like the *Enthusiastique Preist*, the West,
Hoping thy rise farr brighter from the East.

Epigraphe.

*Defessus toties humilis serpendo Poëta
Noster humi, summum respicit ille polum.
Viderat ut cœlum pleno stupefactus hiâtu,
Fac Deus, & proprius videret, dixit, obit.*

*Hæc inter suspiria & lachrymas
Scripsit Philomusus
Philoponus.*

*Fra: Vaux.
s. Coll. Reg: Oxon.
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